

1858

Sunday afternoon.

My dear friend,

Your most kind
and grateful letter came last
evening. It was a great comfort
to me. Your dear wife knew
better than most in Cambridge, my
precious Mary, but she did not
know how much Mary loved her,
and how frequently she wished that
our dearies were nearer together.

We are beginning to be soothed
somewhat. We have no care to
express a thank when few could
give relief — and I feel ~~less~~, as
we review the past, that mercies
only have followed me always, and
in this conviction in the midst of
a most affectionate sympathy